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LOS ANGELES

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THE LIFE

OF

JACK SPRAT, HIS WIFE,

AND THEIR COMICAL CAT.

MANCHESTER : -Printed and sold by A. Swindells, Happing bridge ; also sold by T. Barna Rtavebing Statione. At e's ib ob ws ac es ic oc uc ad ed id od ud af ef if of uf ag eg ig og ug | ga ge ¿i go gu

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JACK Sprat could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean, And fo, betwist them both, They lick'd the platter clear. Jack eat all the lean, Joan eat all the fat, The bone they pick'd quite clean Then gave it to the cut.



When Jack Sprat was young, He dreffed very fmart, He courted Joan Cole,

And he gained her heart ; In his fine leather doublet, And old greafy hat, What a finart fellow Was little Jack Sprat.

lack Sprat was the bridegroom, Joan Cole was the bride, lack faid, from the church His Joan home fhould ride; But no coach could take her, The lane was fo narrow, Said he, then I'll make her Ride in a wheel barrow.



As Jack Sprat was wheeling His wife by a ditch, The barrow turn'd over, And in the did pitch. Says Jack, the'll be drown'd, But Joan did reply, I don't think I thall, For the ditch is quite dry.

Jack brought home his Joa Quite f fe, I declare, When in came the cat,

That had got but one ear: Says Jone, I'm come home, ppfs, Pray how do you do? Mifs Pufs wagg?n her tail, But faid nething but mew.



Jack Sprat took his gun, And went to the brook, He fhot at the drake, But he killed the duck; He brought it to Joan, Who a fire did make, To roaft the fat duck, While Jack went for the drake.



The drake was a fwimming, With his curly tail, Jack Sprat came to thoot him, But happen'd to fail; He let off his gun, But miffing his mark, The drake flew away, Crying, quack, quack, quack.



Jack Sprat, to live pretty, Now bought him a pig, It was not very little, It was nat very big, It was not very lean,

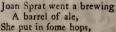
It was not very fat, It will ferre for a grunter For little Jack Sprat.

Then Joan went to market To purchale fome fowls, She bought a jackdaw, And a couple of hwls; The owls they were white, The jackdaw was b dek; They'll make a rare brood, Says little Joan Sprat.

-us bit and mark it



His Joan for to pleafe, For Joan fhe could make Both butter and cheefe; Or pancakes and puddings, Without any fat, ...otable houfewife Was little Joan Sprat.



That it might not turn fale :

But as for the malt,

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She forgot to put that, This is brave fober liquor, Said little Jack Sprat.



Jack Sprat went to market, And bought him a mare, She was lame of three legs,

And as blind as fhe could flare; Her ribs they were bare;

For the mare had no fat, She looks like a racer, Says little fack Sprat.

Jack and Joan went abroad, Puts took care of the houfe, She caught a large rat,

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And a very fmall moufe; She caught a fmall moufe;

And a very large rat, You're an excellent hunter, Says little Jack Sprate V



Now I've told you the ftory Of little Jack Sprat; Of little Joan Cole,

And the poor one-eared cat : Jack now is got rich,

And has plenty of pelf, If you'd know any more, You may tell it yourfelf.

A. Swindells, Printer,



